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the remotest corners of the earth, and convert mankind into one great family, reciprocally extending their arms to confer benefits on each other. How different is the picture presented to our view on every side, mutual jealousy of prosperity, and industry only directed to acquiring riches and power, in order to vex and destroy each other. Ambition, the dire ambition of possessing all things, of governing all, has wasted the blood of the world, and destroyed the happiness of millions.

From the days of Alexander to the present, it has been the constant practice of contending nations, to endeavour to fix the seat of war in the enemies' country; but unfortunately for England, since the first alarm of revolution engaged her as an acting partner in the war, she has never been able to accomplish this plan, and her endeavours after this grand object, have only brought destruction into the territory of her allies. She has seen state after state, fall before the republican energy of new levies, and the trained bands of the Great Frederick, resist in vain, the impetuous attack, of almost undisciplined recruits; mutual jealousies dividing the continent, the most powerful nations have now bowed before the eagles of France, and left England alone and unfriended to contend for her independence. Whether Mr. Pitt's opinion of the high value of the command of the mouth of the Scheldt, combined with the idea of destroying a few ships of the line, dictated this unfortunate expedition, or that of dividing the attention of Napoleon, it is impossible for us to tell. If, however, the first mentioned objects were the cause of the launching of this immense armament, Mr. Pitt must have been apparently ill acquainted with the form of the adjoining coast, and the present minority of the situation and nature of the island of Walcheren, which from its proximity to other islands, and its flatness must be ever liable to attack, and could not be maintained but at an expence of both men and ships, totally above its value; and if the destruction of the seven ships of the line was the object, it would seem to say to the gallant commanders of the British Navy, we have not such confidence in your powers, but that the destruction of a French ship is to be

desired at however great an expence, and if the opinion prevailed, that by an attack on the coast of Holland the attention and power of France might be divided, it would appear that the planners of the expedition have been very inattentive to the Napoleon mode of warfare, which commands success by never allowing a secondary object to interfere with a primary one. His plan has always been to overcome the greatest obstacle, justly conceiving that the lesser must then give way of course. If instead of dividing our own forces we had concentrated the whole power in Spain, then might we have acted with full effect, and given spirit both to Germany and Spain; unhappily this plan was not adopted, and after a total failure of our schemes on the Scheldt, by the unforeseen and vigorous opposition of the Garrison of Flushing, and mortality which ensued, we have to look at the destruction of our gallant army in Spain, sacrificed we may say, to the feeble and ill concerted efforts of a party contending for the re-establishment of a government as it would appear for which the people were not anxious, no doubt the Spaniards feel themselves in some degree uneasy at the transfer to new masters, unacquainted with their prejudices, and habits, but what has the Junta promised to attach the people to the cause of their dethroned monarch? had they promised Spain a reform of those abuses apparent to the meanest subject, and had England seconded their views, and appeared as guarantee for the due execution of the scheme, then might the people have risen with that energy, which the love of liberty always inspires; then might the throne of Napoleon been made to totter; then might England have met with people worthy of being assisted, and our army combatants and friends equally anxious for glory as themselves.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine,

SIR,

I send you the first oration of Cicero against Cataline, as a specimen of a translation which was intended to be "close, but not so close, as to be servile; free, but not so free, as to be licentious." I request the criticism of

any of your literary correspondents.*
I am, sir, yours, A. POOR, SCHOLAR.

The first Oration of Cicero against Cataline.

CATALINE! How far, art thou to abuse our forbearance? How long, are we to be deluded, by the mockery of thy madness? Where art thou to stop, in this career of unbridled licentiousness? Has the nightly guard at the Palatium *nothing* in it, to alarm you; the Patroles throughout the city, *nothing*; the confusion of the people, *nothing*; the assemblage of all true lovers of their country, *nothing*; the guarded majesty of this assembly, *nothing*; and all the eyes that, at this instant, are rivetted upon yours, have they *nothing* to denounce, nor you to apprehend? Does not your conscience inform you, that the sun shines upon your secrets, and do you not discover a full knowledge of your conspiracy, revealed on the countenance of every man around you? Your employment, on the last night; your occupations, on the preceding night; the place where you met; the persons who met; and the plot fabricated at the meeting; of these things, I ask not, who knows; I ask, who, among you all is ignorant?

But, alas! for the times thus corrupted; or rather for mankind that thus corrupt the times! The senate knows all this. The consul sees all this: and yet the man who sits there—Lives. Lives! Aye—Comes down to your senate-house; takes his seat,

* It is hoped that no one will fall into the mistake of drawing conclusions from the just indignation of Cicero against Cataline, to countenance the fashionable opinions, which in different ages have branded some of the best men, the revered and honoured martyrs of liberty, as conspirators. No! the designing, profligate Cataline will ever stand distinguished from the steady patriot, and true friend to his country and to man. Cataline fell a victim to his evil passions, but the page of history furnishes us with names, who have been branded as foul conspirators by the baseness and madness of their contemporaries, but whose memories are dear to the lovers of freedom, and to whom posterity will yet do justice.

as counsellor for the common weal; and with a deliberate destiny in his eye marks out our members, and selects them for slaughter; while, for us, and for our country, it seems glory sufficient, to escape from his fury, to find an asylum from his sword.

Long, very long before this late hour, ought I, the consul, to have doomed this ringleader of sedition to an ignominious death; ought I to have overwhelmed you, Cataline, in the ruins of your own machinations. What! Did not that great man, the High Priest, Publius Scipio, although at the time, in private station, sacrifice Iiberius Gracchus for daring even to modify our constitution, and shall we, clothed as we are with the plenitude of consular power, endure this nuisance of our nation, and our name, shall we suffer *him* to put the Roman Empire to the sword, and lay waste the world, because such is his horrid fancy. With the sanction of so late a precedent, need I obtrude the fate of the innovator Spurius Melius, immolated at the altar of the constitution, by the hand of Servilius Ahala? There has, yes! there has been, and lately been, a vindicatory virtue, an avenging spirit in this republic, that never failed to inflict speedier and heavier vengeance on a noxious citizen than on a national foe. Against you, Cataline, and for your immediate condemnation, what, therefore, is wanting? Not the grave sanction of the senate. Not the voice of the country. Not ancient precedent. Not living law. But we are wanting—I say it more loudly—we we the consuls themselves.

When the senate committed the republic, into the hands of the Consul L. Opimus, did presumptive sedition palliate the punishment of Caius Gracchus, or could his luminous line of ancestry, yield even a momentary protection to his person? was the vengeance of the executive power on the Consular Fulvius and his children, arrested for a single night! when similar power was delegated to the consuls C. Marius, and L. Valerius, were the lives which the prætor Servilius, and the Tribune, Saturninus

had forfeited to their country, prolonged for a single day? But, now, twenty days, and nights, have blunted the edge of our axes, and our authorities. Our sharp pointed decree sleeps, sheathed in the record—that very decree, which, a moment after its promulgation, was not to find you a living man. You do live, and live, not in the humiliating depression of guilt, but in the exultation and triumph of insolence. Mercy, Conscript Fathers, is my dearest delight, as the vindication of the constitution is my best ambition, but I, now, stand self-condemned of guilt in mercy, and I own it as a treachery against the state.

Conscript Fathers!—a camp is pitched against the Roman Republic, within Italy, on the very borders of Etruria. Every day adds to the number of the enemy. The leader of those enemies, the commander of that encampment, walks within the walls of Rome; takes his seat in this senate, the heart of Rome; and, with venomous mischief, rankies in the inmost vitals of the commonwealth. Cataline—should I, on the instant, order my Lictors to seize and drag you to the stake, some men might, even then, blame me for having procrastinated punishment, but no man could criminate me for a faithful execution of the laws. They shall be executed. But I will neither act, nor will I suffer, without full and sufficient reason. Trust me, they shall be executed; and then, even then, when there shall not be found a man so flagitious, so much a Cataline, as to say, you were not ripe for execution. You shall live, as long as there is one who has the forehead to say you ought to live; and you shall live, as you live now, under our broad and wakeful eye, and the sword of justice shall keep waving round your head. Without the possibility of hearing, or of seeing, you shall be seen, and heard, and understood.

What is it now, you are to expect, if night cannot hide you, nor your lurking associates; if the very walls of your own houses, resound with the secret, and proclaim it to the world; if the sun shines, and the winds blow upon it? Take my advice,

adopt some other plan, wait a more favourable opportunity for setting the city in flames, and putting its inhabitants to the sword. Yet, to convince you, that you are beset, on every side, I shall enter, for a little, into the detail of your desperations, and my discoveries.

Do you not remember, or is it possible you can forget my declaration on the 21st October last, in the senate, that Caius Manlius, your life guards-man, and confidential bravo, would, on a certain day, take up arms, and this day would be before the 25th, was I mistaken in the very day selected for a deed so atrocious, so apparently incredible? Did not I, the same man, declare, in this house, that you had conspired the massacre of the principal men in the state, upon the 28th, at which time they withdrew, for the sake of repressing your design, rather than on account of safety to themselves! Are you daring enough to deny your being, on that very day, so manacled by my power, so entangled by my vigilance, that you durst not raise your finger against the stability of the state, although indeed, you were tongue-valiant enough to say, that you must even be content with the heads which the runaways had left you. What! with all your full-blown confidence of surprising Preneste, in the night, on the 1st of November, did not you find *me*, in arms, at the gate; did you not feel *me* in watch on the walls? Your head cannot contrive, your heart cannot conceive a wickedness of which I shall not have notice; I measure the length and breadth of your treasons, and I sound the gloomiest depths of your soul.

Was not the night before the last, sufficient to convince you that there is a good genius protecting that republic, which a ferocious demoniac is labouring to destroy. I aver that on that same night, you and your complotters assembled in the house of M. Lecca. Can even your own tongue deny it? Yet secret! Speak out, man! for if you do not, there are some I see around me, who shall have an agonizing proof that I am true in my assertion.

Good and great Gods! where are

we? What city do we inhabit? Under what government do we live? Here, **HERE**, Conscript Fathers! mixed and mingled with us all, in the center of this most grave, and venerable assembly, are men sitting, quietly incubating a plot, against my life, against all your lives, the life of every virtuous senator, and citizen, while I, with the whole nest of traitors brooding beneath my eyes, am parading in the petty formalities of debate, and the very men appear scarcely vulnerable by my voice, who ought long since to have been cut down with the sword.

In the house of Lecca, you were on that night. Then and there did you divide Italy into military stations; did you appoint commanders of those stations; did you specify those whom you were to take along with you, and those whom you were to leave behind; did you mark out the limit of the intended conflagration; did you repeat your resolution of shortly leaving Rome, only putting it off for a little, as you said, until you could have the head of the consul. Two knights, Roman knights, promised to deliver that head to you before sun rise the next morning; but scarcely was this stygian council dissolved, when the consul was acquainted with the result of the whole. I doubled the guards at my house, and after announcing to a circle of the first men in the state (who were with me at the time) the very minute when these assassins would come to pay me their respects, that same minute they arrived, asked for entrance, and were denied it.

Proceed, Cataline, in your honourable career. Go where your destiny, and your desire are driving you. Evacuate the city for a season. The gates stand open. Begone! What a shame that the Manlian army should look out so long for their general! Take all your loving friends along with you, or, if that be a vain hope, take, at least, as many as you can, and cleanse the city for some short time. Let the walls of Rome be the mediators between thee and me, for, at present, you are much too near me. I will not suffer you. I will not longer undergo you. I give thanks

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to the immortal Gods, and especially to the God presiding in this temple, the guardian of the city, and stabilisher of the state, for my past deliverance from this pest of the republic; but we, now stand here, as the Roman state, and whoever conspires against my person is the assassin of Rome. As long, Cataline, as your plot was leveled against the consul elect, I met you as man would meet such a man. I borrowed no safe-guard from government, but was my own protector. Even at the late consular comitia, when you designed to murder me, in office at the time, with all your competitors on the spot, I blasted your design with a croud of private friends, without exciting any public commotion. You struck. I parry'd the blow levelled at my country through my side. But now that you have declared open, unambiguous war against your country in the first instance, destruction to the citizens, devastation to the city, domestic, public, and divine, not as yet finding ourselves prepared for that prime duty to which we acknowledge ourselves decidedly bound, by the dignity of our station, the sacred majesty of the empire, and the awful authority of our fathers, we shall do what, in the next degree, is best becoming us, and we shall soften the edge of public justice, merely from a consideration of public utility. Your execution would not deliver the republic from the malignant attempts of others equally vicious, but should the city once get rid of *you*, the scum of conspiracy might drain off along with you, and in staying, you are really setting your obstinacy not so much against my command, as against your own resolution. The consuls order an enemy to avoid the city. Do I then command you into banishment? No. It is to an enemy I speak, not to a citizen.

What indeed is there, in this city, which can tempt you to stay? Is there, in its streets, a man, except your own banditti, who will not turn aside for fear of meeting you, or else look into your face with horror? Is not your private life branded as to the bone, with every turpitude? Has not your body been at home and abroad, the obedient pander of

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your lascivious soul, ready to act or to suffer every dishonour? Is there among all the young men you have ruined, one, to whose madness you have not lent your poignard, to whose lust you have not lighted a lanthorn? When you had emptied your house of one wife to make room for another, did you not then crown even your own character with such black abomination.—But let me be silent here. Let it not be told; if possible, let it not be conceived, that such deeds have been practised in Rome; and let me, with silent reverence, draw a veil over public justice which had the long suffering to endure them. As slightly, shall I touch on the impending ruin of your domestic affairs. I pass this by. I attach myself to the general concern of us all, our lives, our properties, our common liberties.

Can the light of the sun be delightful, or the breath of heaven sweet to him, who knows there is not one present who does *not* know, that on the last day of December, in the consulship of Lepidus and Tullus, this Cataline stood, in the open comitia, himself armed with a dagger, and attended with a troop of his adherents, for the sole purpose of massacring the consul and the principal men in the state; that nothing was wanting on his part, neither desperation in the doer, nor dread of the deed, and that only a lucky chance shielded the republic, on that day, from his fury? I pass this also, however palpable and notorious. How often have I parry'd the thrust of death as if by a slight inclination of the body. How often, as consul elect, how often as consul. My eye pursues you through all your windings, anticipates all your machinations, yet still you work on in the darkness of criminality. How often has that dagger been wrested out of your hand, or dropt from your breast, yet still you pick it up, and cherish it as devoted by the infernal deities to be buried in the breast of a consul.

In the name of heaven, what manner of man are you? For, although you are worthy of my hottest indignation, I must now pause, for a moment, to take pity upon you. You came, a short time ago, into the senate.

Point me out a single man, in this crowded room, not even of your own faction, who accosted you with the commonest courtesy of the day; and after this most unparalleled insult, are you waiting, miserable man, for any more expressive verdict of your guilt, than such silent contempt? What do you naked, and deserted benches tell you? Is it necessary for all the consulars who have made their escape from the bench where you are sitting to rise up, and with one voice, say, Cataline begone from among us. How can you have the forehead to bear all this? By heaven, were I the object of such fear to the menials of my household, as you are to your fellow-citizens, I should abandon my own house, while you keep clinging to a city that abhors you, and struck at, and blasted by every eye, and floundering from deep to deeper infamy, are still able to present yourself before the faces of men whose honour spurns at you, whose very senses loathe you. You would run from parents who hated you as cordially as your country hates and fears you, yet when that common mother of us all, struggles to fling this pariaid from her bosom, he mocks her authority, spurns at her decrees, and sullenly smiles at her meditated vengeance.

I think I see your parent country standing in disdainful silence, at your side, and I shall interpret that look which she casts down upon you. "Not one mischief of magnitude has of late occurred, not a single rank sedition which has not been planted by your hand, and ripened under your fostering care, thou licensed breaker of my peace, permitted plunderer of my allies, self authorized assassin of my citizens, audaciously arming thyself against my laws, or insidiously evading them. As I could, not as I would, have I suffered what is past; but now, that thou dost infect the very air which I breathe, making even the virtue of others vain, and dying every public crime with deeper malignity, I can suffer thee no longer. Disburthen me. Whether my fears be founded or fallacious, deliver me from thee and them."

Were your country to speak to you, as I have done, ought there to

be a necessity for any violence to force you away? But it seems you have of yourself most condescendingly offered to place yourself in safe custody. But it seems in order to avoid the breath of calumny, you have declared your readiness to take up your abode with M. Lepidus, and as he did not wish to receive you, you had the confidence to come to me, and demand my house for your prison. My answer was, that the man, whom within the walls of the same city, I found much too near me, I could by no means suffer in the walls of the same house. You then went to the Pr tor Metellus, and by him too, rejected, you naturally migrated to an excellent member of your own society, M. Marcellus, well assured, no doubt, of having at length pitched upon a most diligent sentinel, a most vigilant watch, a most courageous asserter of the laws. But from all this must I not have room to conclude, his distance not to be great from chains and a prison, who by his own acknowledgement, declares himself fit to be put under safe custody.

If then it be impossible for you here to stay with any degree of security to others or to yourself, why linger in the resolution of going to some other place, and of saving by exile and solitude the wretched reliques of a life snatched from the gripe of the executioner. Move the senate to that purport, you demand; and if it orders your banishment, you profess an instant obedience. No. This is not the mode of conduct most suitable to my disposition, but I shall, on the moment, ascertain to your conviction the judgment of the senate respecting you. I say, be gone from this city. Deliver the state from inquietude. If you hesitate, in want of a word—Go, I say, into BANISHMENT.—Well. Have you understanding? can you interpret? Not one murmur in the assembly. It is silent. And yet do you wait for voices to manifest the wishes of hearts which are clamorous, in their very silence?

Were I to utter such words to this excellent youth P. Sextius, or to that brave man M. Marcellus, the senate would justly arrest their

consul, even in the temple of the law. But on the question of your banishment, their silence is assent, their passiveness has all the virtue of a decree, and the vigour of a vote by acclamation. Nor is it merely this order of the state, whose authority so valued now, has been at other times so contemned, but it is the class of Roman Knights who join honesty with honour; it is the multitude of brave citizens who are, now, surrounding this assembly, whose numbers you see, whose wishes you know, whose voices you might a little ago have pretty plainly heard, and from whose hands I can myself scarcely protect you, yet even these shall I prevail upon to accompany, and guard you to the very gates of that city which you had destined for conflagration.

But why am I thus talking to him? as if the wind of an airy threat could shake him? as if he stood self-chastised as if he meditated flight! as if he thought of banishment! May heaven so dispose him, even at my risk, of that storm of calumny which should encounter me, if not at the present time inflamed with the recent sense of your enormities, yet in the judgment of succeeding days. But this, in my estimation ranks as nothing, provided the consequences be personal, and the republic be secure. But that you should ever come to a full sense of your crimes, that you should ever regain a proper respect for the laws, that you should ever yield yourself to the calls of your country and exigency of the state; this is indeed a barren expectation. You are not C teline, of that mold whose baseness, any shame can deter, whose desperation any danger can appal, whose madness, any reason can appease.

How often then must I exclaim, be gone.—If you hate me, go, and load me with the opprobrium of having ordered C teline into banishment. If you love me, go, and accelerate my triumph. But for this purpose my glory demands you to carry along with you the most desperate of your associates, and then after sweeping off all the scum and stirring up all the dregs and f eculence of rebellion, you must betake yourself to Manlius, and then you must proclaim war against the senate,

and the State, and then take care not to say that you had been cast out and and vomited forth of the city, but that you had arrived in correspondence to your own wishes, and in compliance with their invitation.

Yet how ridiculous is it to urge this man faster to that ruin which he himself anticipates? Is there not, at this instant, an armed detachment waiting for you at the Aurelian Forum? Have not you and Manlius fixed upon a day for your march, and has it not already been preceded by the domestic shine of thy impieties, the silver eagle before which you made your vows of murder, and lifted up the hands ready to be dyed in the blood of your countrymen, that silver eagle which I trust will spread its ill omened wing over your cause and shame its worshipper. Yes you will go, I confide in your unbidded fury, your dire and dauntless audacity. Miserable you must be without a civil war, for which nature has formed and fashioned you, education improved you, and your good fortune presented to you. You will crown a life spent in licentious leisure, in lazy lust and groveling debauchery, by the felicity of monstrous and unnatural war: and it were pity that a gang so carefully selected from all that is base and sordid in humanity, should pass their lives in obscure and perishable infamy, which might have been recorded for crimes more consequential and extended.

There, what joys await you what delights will you not experience, without encountering the silent conclusion of one good man's eye. For this, great man, have been destined your studies by day, your watchings by night, nobler objects than a riot and a rape, than waiting by the bed of adultery or haunting the dying to rob the dead. Hunger and cold, and fatigue, will here meet with their reward, but the republic through me has its reward also, that Cataline is not warring against it, in the station of a consul, but as an infamous and ignominious exile, and that what might have been civil war, is now but a factious rebellion.

And now, Conscript Fathers! that I may stand acquitted before the judg-

ment seat of my country and my own conscience for what I have done, and for what I am about to do; that I may deprecate all complaint, and all indignation, I end me I pray you, your attention, for a little longer, and let the words I am going to say impress themselves on the hearts of all who hear me.

Were that country for whom I live, or die, were all Italy, were this majestic empire to address me, in such words as these, "What, Marcus Tullius, what my son, are you throwing your country's great revenge away? Him, of all men your most decided enemy. Him, an all but convicted traitor. Him, who has debauched the genius of the common weal, and deflowered the honour of the state. Him the very head and front of conspiracy, and rebellion. Him, who throws open our prison doors, and lets loose our slaves to crush us, with their fetters. Him, do you suffer him to march out to civil war as if he marched in for a triumph? Not yet bound. Not yet dragged to the altar. Not yet pouring out his blood before the infernal deities! and why? Because precedents are wanting? No. The blood of every traitor shed in times past, by the swords even of common citizens will answer, no. Is it then the law shielding the head of every Roman citizen? No; Cataline, and his crew, are not citizens, but rebels and revolters. Do you then fear the condemnation of posterity? O Cicero poor is the return you make to that country which has lifted you without the aid of ancestry, without any other help than your own abilities, through all the gradations of civil life, and seated you thus opportunely on the summit of the empire, if you cannot encounter the reproaches of a few, while you are devoting yourself to the welfare of the whole. Rather than be subjected to the disgrace of relaxing the authority of law, show the stern severity of public justice, or (if such be your choice) wait until our country be laid waste, our cities sacked, our houses in flames, and then, and then only, will your name become odious indeed."

Now, mark my answer to this re-

vered and parental voice. I would not allow the life of this man, the prolongation of a single hour, if I judged the present hour the most proper to take it away. If the prime and master spirits of the age they lived in, not only were not disgraced, but were glorified by the sacrifice of Saturninus, of Flaccus, and of the Gracchi, much less ought I to suspend the sword over this parricide, and though I might happen to encounter public odium, I am the man who knows it is sometimes the truest glory to have inherited it.

I know full well that some there are, even in this assembly, who either do not or will not see the impending danger, who are of such mild and milky natures as to nurse the hopes of Cataline; and under the sanction of such unsuspecting tempers, the wicked and the weak among us will exclaim, that immediate judgment upon him would not be merely cruel, but the act of a royal despot. Now, I am convinced, that, if this man proceeds, as he intends, to the camp of Manlius, there will not be one so very stupid, as not to see a conspiracy framed against the state, nor one so very wicked, as not to wish it repressed. I am also convinced, that were this man cut off, on the instant, the hydia of public calamity would lose only one head, while others would spring up, and pullulate in its place; but if he should not only himself evacuate the city, but collect into one place all of depraved character, and desperate fortune, then would the evil be completely eradicated, and the seed-plot of sedition be blasted and destroyed.

I know not how it happens, conscript fathers, but every stratagem of sedition, every malignant conspiracy, that has fostered in the body politic, for a length of time, seems to have ripened, and fully matured, during the period of my consulship. I know well, that by giving free exit to this boil, the suffering state might be lightened and refreshed for a season; but here is a malady that has infected the very vitals, and taints the whole with such venom, that the excision even of this man, would be only a poor palliative, that might exasperate, but never would completely annihilate the disorder.

On this account, and this only, let the wicked depart. Let them be compressed into one body, and held in one place. Let the city walls, as I have said, keep us and them asunder. No longer let them lie in wait for the consul at his very door; no longer beset the praetor in his seat of justice; no longer let our citizens stand as if on the point of these men's daggers; no longer let combustibles be prepared, and faggots laid out for setting our streets in a blaze. In short, let us, in times as these, read the principles of every citizen engraved upon his forehead, and then, behold in me, an auspicious augur, that such must be the consequence, of consular vigilance, senatorial authority, and equestrian valour, every thing will become clear and manifest, the machinations of evil men will be blasted, and the honour of Rome avenged.

Lucius Cataline begin, as soon as you are able, this damnable, and unnatural war. Begin it, on your part, under the shade of every dreadful omen: on mine, with the sure and certain hope of safety to my country and glory to myself, and when this you have done, then, do *THOU*, whose altar was first founded by the founder of our state—*Thou*, the stabilisher of this city, pour out thy vengeance upon this man and all his adherents. Save us from his fury, our public altars, our sacred temples, our houses, and household gods, our liberties, our lives. Pursue, tutelur god, pursue them, these foes to the gods, and goodness, these plunderers of Italy, these assassins of Rome. Erase them out of this life, and in the next, let thy vengeance pursue them, insatiable, unplaceable, immortal!

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

EIGHTH REPORT FROM THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, IN IRELAND.

To his Grace Charles Duke of Richmond and Lenox, &c. Lord Lieutenant general, and general governor of Ireland.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,
WE the undersigned commission-
ers, appointed for inquiring into the several funds and revenues granted by public or private donations for the purposes of education